“Held in a Surgeon’s Hands”

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“Held in a Surgeon’s Hands”

by UnknownMusing

Summary

A "What if" story of what instead of Kaecilius being turned to dry-out husk and taken by Dormammu he is taken back to Kathmandu and because he is a Prime Omega must mate with Dr. Stephen Strange - a Prime Alpha.

"The Beginning of Endless Possibilites of Starting a New Life, After Trying to Leave the Old One Behind Because of the Memories it Brings to the Surface"

Chapter Summary

"The past: a new and uncertain world. A world of endless possibilities and infinite outcomes. Countless choices define our fate: each choice, each moment, a moment in the ripple of time. Enough ripple, and you change the tide... for the future is never truly set." Charles Xavier: X-men: Days of Future Past

Plus chose the saddest GIF of all to portray Kaecilius' emotions of the loss of what he considered his family.

<u>LOCATION – Kathmandu: Secret Compound Kamar – Taj - Tibet</u>

Kaecilius, can still hear the screams echoing in his head of his followers – Zealots as the Ancient One had called them harshly – when he comes around, fluttering his eyes open to see he is had been laid down on a bed in large bed-chamber shaped domed shape – like a womb, almost.

The gentle soft tones of orange; yellow and red giving the room a warm feeling and yet, being here brought back to many memories of being humiliated for his status when the Ancient One had found out that he was the last of the Prime Omega's to be born with magic core within him then banished when said he would not mate with any Alpha that would be chosen for him.

Slipping out from underneath the blanket, he pads over to where a wash basin is and pouring some of the water into it, then cupping the water in his hands, splashes his face just as the chamber door opens.

This makes him lift his head up at the scent of…. a Prime Alpha and looks over his shoulder.

Dr. Stephen Strange – the one the Ancient One had taken under her wing – has come in and steps closer, after closing the door then up to him, reaching out, with a hand making a low growl come from him as fingertips touch his back through the tunic he wears and trail downwards making him bare his fangs with hiss now escaping him.

He whirls around, only to be harshly pinned against the table as his own hand knocks over the wash-basin in the process and quickly grips the table edge for support with both hands as it smashes to the floor when the other man does it then his mouth opens with a breathless gasp, head tilting backwards and thighs quivering with the heady, intoxicating scent that overwhelms him.

A hand holds the back of his neck, resting just above his Prime Omega Crest on his back and yet, he can't stop the Prime Alpha from scenting him then lips press against his bare skin, causing him to his shame and horror – because he doesn't want it to happen to him – slick start to form, running down the inside of his thighs to accommodate his body for his Mate.

He was going into a Heat un-expectly and when a hand slips downwards to cup where he is beginning to soak the lower half of his tunic, he gives a certain whimper – telling the Prime Alpha he is afraid and frightened – making Stephen Strange, pull back from him letting go of him.

"Don't…touch me. Don't…...just…...Don't." He gasps out, trembling at another gush of slick and his womb, starting to ache with wanting an Alpha's knot to full and breed him forms.

"Kaecilius, Come here." The other man commends using his Alpha voice and he finds himself obeying it, followed by falling into the man's chest then hands whirl him around, soon followed by hips starting to grind into his behind, rubbing a cloth covered bulge against it.

He is becoming wetter than he has ever before and shooting his hand back, grabs Strange's hip and pushes his own behind back, rubbing himself for wee while against the bulge in the other man's trousers then a hand slips around to his lower half, unwrapping it and pulls the trousers down to expose him.

It slips back around, cupping him from behind and pressing two fingers into him, while he arches his back slightly then looks at the man over his shoulder, his chest rising and falling

under his tunic.

The man's eyes have become slits – like a giant cat's – and when he is flipped, his trousers fully pulled off, along with the fudoshi, he allows the man to lift him up carrying him over to the bed where his Omega habits to make a Nest sink in as he grabs all the bed covers; pillows that are handed to him and blankets sorting them into the makeshift Nest then gulps down saliva, when the other man gets over his body.

He keeps himself in the Omega Mating Pose followed by hips pressing into his.

His back arches slightly, a breathless moan coming from him at the sensation – that he has never felt before and never experienced – and fists his hand into the blankets, followed by spreading his legs wider apart as his Prime Alpha begins to undulate his back and forth into his, sliding the large cock in and out of him at a certain pace.

It fills him with a burning heat and laying his face down to one side on one of the pillows, cries out softly in pleasure followed by soon being flipped so he is on his back, where Stephen Strange gets back over him and inside him then begins to jolt his body up and down, while he brings his hands up.

One taking hold of strong, muscular shoulder, while with the other takes hold of the back of the man's head – sifting it through fine dark brown locks, with silvery highlights – as Kaecilius, wraps his thighs around the other man's waist, while Strange buries his face into the crook of his neck to caress it with his lips.

He is so close, so close and fluttering his eyes open, sees them both reflected in the shards of mirrors that been embedded into the ceiling, only for his eyes to widen in shock when he sees the entity Dormannu of the Dark Dimension, looking down at them then suddenly his back arches, followed by keening **"**Mating Wail to tell any other Alpha's he is now taken and shudders under the other man, thighs clenching tightly around his waist.

The orgasm, explodes within him and making him thrash his head side to side on the pillow as it continues to go on and on, with such force he whimpers and cries out in the silence of the bed chamber then collapses with muffled thump, among the makeshift Nest with his thighs about to slip off, when they are pushed upwards as he grabs hold of the man's shoulders.

"No…. Strange…Stop…. Stop!!!!"

He finds himself saying to the other man to stop him, because it is what the Dark entity wants and this makes the man still, looking down at him with frown then pulls out of him, slipping off the bed and standing there.

"What is wrong with you?!!!"

How could he tell the other man the Truth?

Understanding an Alpha's Love and Dedication into Being with One

Chapter Summary

You may have noticed I mentioned Stan Lee - RIP - because he was iconic for all the Marvel films and shall be hugely missed still. Plus the GIF here is meant to represent Kaecilius' loss of a child even though it is the scene in the movie where he ascertains his power.

14 DAYS LATER

Kaecilius' P.O.V:

My womb aches.

Clenching with wanting my now Prime Alpha - Stephen Strange - to full it, so I can bare him Pups or Kits as I sit on the grassy verge of the large floating cliff towering above rolling clouds that move across the Tibetan Mountains around me then remember we weren't yet Mates because he had not given me a Mating Bite during the Mating Ritual in what was now my chamber.

The white uniform, with the silver choker around my neck shows other Alpha's" that I'm not theirs and belong to a very powerful one then resume my meditation, breathing softly in and out with each gentle breath I take.

I don't want to think about the fact, I would no longer have the freedom to move about in my life and when another clench of my womb interrupts I move to lay on my side on the grass fluttering my eyes open as I sense him.

He sits down next to me, one leg up with his hand resting over the knee and reaches out with his other to stroke my cheek lightly with the back of his fingers then moves it downwards to my abdomen and soon as he touches it, through the fine cloth tunic I wear Heat floods within me.

He soon gets over me, keeping me pinned on my front and lifts my hips up, followed by pulling down the tunic near my neck to expose my Prime Omega Crest then places his hand on it, stroking the light fronds of it and bends down his head, brushing his lips against it.

A quiver - full blown quiver - goes through me, gasping breathlessly and arching my back slightly then turn my face to look at him over my shoulder, followed by him starting to grind his hips into mine from behind. I press back into him, feeling my own pheromones start to release themselves, indicating to him I want to Mate and be bred so I give him a family

He turns me, rolling me onto my back and bends down kissing me lightly on the lips attentively to test my reaction then pulls back, while I lean upwards to kiss him softly on the lips, soon also nuzzle my nose against his cheek, while feeling the cloak wrap around us both.

Pressing us close together, while he grumbles at it and it nudges his cheek then it flips us both, making me take hold of his shoulders for support and looking down at him.

"Levi, stop it." He says to the cloak, when it starts to undo his collar and expose his neck then it un- attaches from him. Moving slightly away to "sulk" like a Human.

"Stephan leave it be. It's just having fun."

I say, making the cloak turn at those words and soon find myself bowled over as I start to laugh as it hugs me in its special way then it starts to roll with me, followed by managing to get me up and starting to dance with me.

"Levi, really.....Oh, you’re ignoring me now."

Strange says, making me try to go over to him with the cloak only for Levi the Cloak to grab hold of my Prime Alpha and force him to join into the dance.

"Just stop being grouchy with it, Strange. And that pout doesn't suit you."

"Pout!!? I don't do what you just said."

I laugh again, feeling Levi spin us around and make Strange dip me in the dancing as he grumbles at this, making me smile at the sight then laugh again, feeling Levi brings us closer so our chests are touching and rest my hands on his chest, flicking my gaze up to him.

"Hmmm, I....never felt this way before. Enjoying company, laughing and...Dancing with someone...like you. I would Mate with you, Stephen Strange. But, if I do...it means...."

I begin to say, trailing off and look at the far distant river that has become a waterfall - watching as it turns into fine mist - then his hand cupping my cheek, makes me close my eyes slightly at the warm touch and nuzzle against it affectionately.

Is this what Love feels like?

I didn't really know anything about Love.

I knew about Hate; Anger; Rage; Jealousy; Sadness; Grief and yet, Love to me....I could never fully understand it. Lust...I could though.

It is what Dormannu of the Dark Dimension....has for me.

Wanting to control my Life and Freedom, through coming into this world by taking host of any first Kit or Pup I bore for my Prime Alpha.

"Let me. Kaecilius, let me...help you. Become my Mate and...We can fight whatever it is you're afraid of together."

"That's the problem. You...can't help me, with this....because....of who...I fear is far more powerful than you, Stephen Strange. And....if I bare any of your offspring, that thing...will try to enter this world through the child."

I breathe shakily, trembling so much and manage to slip away from him, walking away to hold my abdomen where my womb aches once more telling me of what my body wants to happen then suddenly my legs choose to give on me, followed by hunching over myself as cover my mouth, only to soon violently heave onto the grass and pulling my hand back I stare at the blood on it.

Then suddenly cry out in shock, when intense ripping pain goes through my abdomen and Stephen rushes over to me, grabbing hold of me, placing a hand to it then looks at me, while I keen this time so heavily it echoes around the grassy meadow area.

He holds me close to him, keeping his hand on my abdomen as his friends rush over to us both of us then turning my face, I look at him seeking his confirmation and he hugs me close to him, holding me as I start to weep heavily.

Dormammu of the Dark Dimension....it seems had taken it's revenge on me for denying it access to this world, so I had killed the only thing inside me....that been growing within me -

a tiny bundle of cells, that could of been Strange's child - and now I would never know if had been then he picks me up, cradling me in his arms as I keep my face buried into his chest.

Healers, after examining me move out the way when Stephen comes into the Healing Chambers seeing how I'm sitting on the windowsill looking out at the waterfall in the far distance.

Then sits across from me.

"I had...no idea...I was bearing. I thought...it was just....I wanted to tell you about what I fear...."

I begin to say, only finding I can't talk because it hurts even to say words and crawl over to him, resting my head on his chest with my face turned looking at the it - looking at the waterfall, with mist rising upwards from the spray when it hits the large lake - then feel his hand start to sift through my hair, followed by reaching for my Prime Omega Crest stroking the fronds lightly to Gentle me.

"Is that why you smashed the mirrors in your room, afterwards? Because of it."

"Yes"

I must have fallen asleep, because when I flutter my eyes open sense Stephen is fast asleep still cradling the back of my head and the cloak has managed to move us both onto the bed near the windowsill then managing to slip out of Levi's grasp, slip of the bed and head out the Healing Chambers to where our sleeping quarters are.

Inside, I pack the travelling bag with some clothes and stroke my neck lightly with one hand the place which Stephen had caressed with his lips, followed by moving to my abdomen as a single tear trickles down my cheek followed by more.

For an Omega losing a child, was like losing part of their soul and slipping outside, with the gentle scent of the fiery orange flowers growing on the walls of the large Temple structure take some slowly to place in the traveling bag then head across the darkened meadow to the edge of the cliff looking downwards at the mass of clouds rolling by the floating islands.

I turn my gaze to look back at the Kathmandu: Secret Compound Kamar –Taj Temple, one last time and a gentle breeze manages to ruffle the traveling bag catching one of the flowers in its grasp as I watch it spiraling and twirling towards the open window of the Healing Chambers.

By the time it would reach Stephen and land on his chest, I would be gone because it was the only way to protect him.

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7 DAYS LATER

Location: Japan - The Village of Jungkin

The Beta females and some male Omega's are singing a song, while their cutting the rice from the water paddy as I help them as well, collecting and placing the rice in the baskets then stiffen slightly, standing up straight and watch as in slow motion an fiery orange flower dances past me to soon land on the water in front of me.

Seeing it, makes me pick it up gently and placing it inside the ornate waistcoat go back to finishing off the job of cutting the rice so it would be ready for tonight's meal. The singing continues and soothes my nerves for now then old Mama Gurushi shouts to finish up for now.

Picking up the basket, I head up the path along with the rest of the others to the large bamboo hut where the rice basket were placed then placing mine down, among the rest head out of the large hut to watch silently as the sun begins to set over the horizon of the far distant mountains.

"You seem sad."

"Is it so obvious?"

"You carry the Flower of Grief, with you. When you first arrived.....many wondered and still do why you do not bare the mark of an Alpha on your Crest Did something go wrong?"

"I.....lost our unborn child to the Darkness that people fear."

Old Mama Gurushi, asks no more questions knowing what I mean when I say the *Darkness* and gets back to cutting the vegetables for tonight's meal, while I stir the rice in the large crock then running feet, children laughing makes me turn my face to look at the door as the old lady's Grandchildren appear leading a tall person inside.

My heart skips a beat. A whimper escapes me, before I can even quell it and getting up find myself walking backwards shaking my head from side to side then Stephen, comes up to me wrapping his arms around me to pull me close to him.

Tears soon form to run thickly down my cheeks, followed by burying my face into his chest and he brings his hand sifting it through my hair then leads me out of the large Eating Hut, heading to where mine is.

He closes the door behind us, still holding me and whispering soothing words to me then lifting my face look up at him, my eyes fluttering close as he bends down his head kissing me lightly on the lips.

Softly and gently, he moves his lips against mine lifting me up at the same-time to carrying me over to the cocoon shaped bed and lays me down among the soft blankets then begins to peel of the robes, placing them in the clothes basket next to the bed until I'm fully naked beneath him.

A hand, gently stroking a strand of slightly damp hair from my forehead to tuck behind one of my ear's makes me flutter my eyes open to see Stephen, lying next to me then nuzzle more into his warm, naked body purring softly at his sweet, scent that comes from him.

"You smell like fresh lilies mixed with a zest of orange peelings." He says, quietly and at these words I bury my face into his chest, feeling him soon roll me onto my back then lifting his head looks down at me, cupping both my cheeks and bends his head down to cover my lips, with me pressing my body up against his.

His warm, moist lips move against mine own and I, begin to softly purr between our kissing then he moves his lips away to huskily whisper in my ear, breath hot against my neck.

“Kaecilius, let me make love to you. Let me, become your Mate and you, mine.”

Tears form to moisten my eyes, soon trickling down my cheeks and he cups both my cheeks again stroking my cheekbones to reassure me, he is here for me then bends down to lap them up softly with his tongue - soft kitten licks – and slips downwards kissing softly with his hands taking hold of my hips to hold gently arching softly off the soft, mattress.

My Prime Omega Crest fronds, flare upwards itching softly to be bitten so that when he bites them they will form a ridged of Crest of colour then breathlessly gasp, when he bends his head down between my thighs tasting my slick which has formed.

Now gushing down the inside of my thighs, while I roll onto my front lifting my hips up to present myself to him more parting my legs apart wide enough and finally – after he has tasted me – presses his hips into mine, pushing forwards as both my hands shoot outwards to go out in front of me with my back arching slightly with my head tilting backwards a soft gasp of his name coming from me.

He grunts heavily behind me, resting his forehead between my shoulder blades and taking a deep breath, licking my dry lips to wet them then begin to undulate my hips back and forth, sliding him in and out of me each time feeling it send pleasure running up spine.

Breathless gasps and harsh panting soon fill the silence of hut coming from the both of us and when he speeds up, moving his own hips in sync with mine start to moan heavily each-time

he hits the wee nub within me sending white sparks searing across my vision then he hauls me up onto my knees, moving harder and faster pounding into me it causes squelching sounds because of my gushing slick and skin slapping against skin.

One hand comes up to cup my chin, turning it gently so I look into his gentle greenish-blue eyes and other splayed over my abdomen then bringing one of my own hands up, cradle the back of his head to sift through his soft, brown hair with silvery highlights and he covers my lips with his, kissing me breathlessly.

My other hand, I place over his hand resting on my abdomen. His tongue laps at my lips, seeking permission and opening my mouth feel him slip his tongue within where it brushes against mine, entwining and we begin to French-kiss as saliva forms to trickle down the side of our mouth's or becomes exchanged.

Sweat is forming on both our bodies, trickling down like rain droplets going down a pane of glass and can feel deep down the pressure that has been building up within me coming to earth-shattering climax.

He let's go of my swollen lips, pushing me back down and shoving my body up and down the bed with each intense, powerful thrust that I'm becoming overwhelmed by it so much that when it finally hits me, I lose sense of time and reality – only centering on him, just Stephen.

My back arches heavily, a keening Omegan Mating Wail echoing around us both followed by him surging forwards with fangs biting straight into my Crest causing another wail – high-pitched – this time to come from me, followed by shuddering with my eyes seeing nothing but intense whiteness which blinds my vision muffling out all sound except for the intense pounding of my heart against my rib-cage.

The *say* a Mating Bond Ritual can form in many different ways for Alpha and Omega when it finally happens, for me and Stephen there is no way to describe the one that is forming between us, except for the sparks of neurons flashing in our minds, my Soul and Magic Core Chain's interlinking within, so were conjoined.

Finally, the rigid Crest on my neck forming, spreading outwards like the fronds of *Dryopteris filix-mas* then my hands which have fisted into the pillows, release them as I lay there now breathing laborly coated in fine droplets of sweat and my heart slowly resuming its normal pace.

He moves us both, so were laying on our sides and whimper from over-stimulation when his swollen knot within me brushes against the wee nub within causing me to have another

orgasm staining in front of me the mattress cover with whiteness then turning my face, rest my forehead against his still shuddering slightly from the aftershocks washing over my body.

“Haaa…Stephen….Alpha….Hold me.” I whimper out, feeling him wrap his arm around me to hold me in his arms, spreading Calming pheromones and purring softly each-time to calm me as more aftershocks go through me.

It is so intense, the emotions and memories coming from him spreading through his Soul Chain towards mine, and I clasp my hand in his interlacing our fingers into his to ground me. So, many of the Memories – images of his birth and childhood, flashing forwards to a woman wearing hospital scrubs with name Christine Palmer on the metal tag, him driving in his car at night, followed by the crash spinning off the cliff to land in large river near a large lit bridge, pain of finding out he can no longer use his hands and going through seven procedures to try and get back what he wanted, an argument with the woman in his Apartment and other events that just flash across my mind like neurons shooting through synapses.

I can feel him, sifting through my Memories – the day, I been born and held in my Mother’s arms while she sung a lullaby, the separation of being taken away from her, being trained by the Ancient One and like him, reading the books then discovering the Book of Cagliostro with the symbol in one of the pages of the Ritual in Summoning Dormannu, finding out a deep hidden secret the Ancient One had kept-ed hidden from me about my Mother, flashing forwards to when we first met and had called him *“Mister Doctor”*, the fights between us and finally, a new one of the night we had made slow, gentle lovemaking last night after our Mating Bonding Ritual.

They soon dissolve away like water trickling through a sieve and everything returns back to normal, with both of us relaxing and lying there still coated in sweat, heartbeats resuming their normal beats and our Soul Chain’s no longer thrumming intensely, but humming quietly now.

“Mister Doctor.” I mumble, softly under my breath and roll to face him, snuggling into the warmness of his chest then something warm, flumps over us making me recognise Levi – the Cloak – and it nuzzles against my cheek, making me softly smile soon settling down to sleep in his arms.

Location: Japan - The Village of Jungkin

“Gently, Stephen. Not hacking it.”

Stephen, sighs in slight frustration holding the rice paddy knife and wading up to him, slip my hand over his then begin to help him, sending calm thoughts of happiness, joy and love through our Bond which hums with vibrant energy. I can feel the scars from his operation – the steel pin bolts within and yet, he defied so many odds that he was now a Supreme Sorcerer and Protector of the London Sanctum – when I do so and calmly, move his hand showing him how to cut the rice to harvest it for Old Mama Gurushi.

“Alright, I think I’m getting the hang of it.” He says, making me nuzzle my nose against his cheek, inhaling his scent deeply and pull back to get on with my part of the rice paddy, hearing the Beta females and some male Omega's begin to sing softly, while they work when a glint of something makes me rise slightly looking down at the forest down below, water rippling next to my legs as he wades over to me.

He looks where I’m looking, seeing the golden glow of what could only be a portal formed by a Sling Ring and placing what I’ve harvested in the wicker basket heads up the hill gripping my arm tightly to indicate for me to keep moving which I do so then dropping off the wicker basket, head to the hut inside and he begins to pack every article of clothing; the flowers still fragrant after all this time and the gifts from the children who would come and see me then grabs hold of me at the same-time forming a portal with his Sling ring and shoves the bag into my hands.

“Stephen!!?” I gasp out, realizing what he is about to do and he pushes me into the portal, causing me to fall backwards at the same-time he slips my Sling ring on my own fingers to stop me from getting back to him.

I cry out his name, only for it to become lost in the howling wind of the snow-capped mountains as the flaming wheel of the orange glowing fire shrinks until there is nothing, while I step backwards trying to deny what has just happened to me.

“Stephen. Why!!!? Why did you leave me alone like this? Why didn’t you come with me?” I whisper, wrapping my arms tightly around what is actually not a travelling bag – but Levi, his Cloak – and falling to my knees, allow hitched sobs to escape me feeling so empty inside – like a shard of glass, was twisting its way within my heart and piercing it.

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12 MONTHS LATER

Location – Hong Kong Sanctum – Master Wong’s Residence

“Here, drink this. It will warm you up.”

Wong – or now Master Wong – says, handing me a cup warmed tea mixed with some honey for sweetness and taking it feel it warm my cold hands, while lifting it to my lips to sip quietly just wanting to curl into myself because I’m worried, so worried for the man I love.

Worried for my Mate – Dr. Stephen Strange – and Alpha, who loves me very deeply and intimately. Who has held and healed me. Who I want to come back to me safely.

“Did anything appear on the Sanctum Globe?” I ask Wong, who knows what I mean and getting up, walk with him into the large chamber passing the Eye of Agamotto, which gleams suddenly causing me to still while Wong walks in leaving me and stare at it quietly, remembering Stephen had used it against me.

"He'll come back. Patience." I whisper to it, seeing how the Eye gleams more brightly and blinks in recognition then fully closes, biding it's time when it will be picked up again by it's New Master – my Alpha and *Mate.*

I keep on walking, stepping into the large chamber with bronze spheroid hovering above my head with circular dome over it to represent the infinite stars that litter the galaxy and look across to the London Sanctum, seeing large chains have been placed over it to protect it from harm and being destroyed because it's Protector wasn't there to do so.

"Kaecilius." Wong calls me over, making me turn my gaze back to him and stepping close he turns the dials on the turnstile revealing what had happened near the Village of Jungkin in Japan, when I and Stephen had witnessed a portal being opened by Sling Ring seeing a strange dot move across the landscape as Wong enlarges it allowing for the fine detail of landscape to form.

"Whoever they are. They've mastered the art of using a Sling Ring and yet, let's see if I can get more detail on them." Wong says, when finally it reveals who it had been who come through the portal and stumble backwards shaking my head from side to side trying to deny it placing a hand to my mouth to cover it.

Lucien!!!? It's impossible. Stephen, killed him even though he didn't want to kill the young Alpha.

"You know him. You know who he is." Wong says noticing my pale face, stepping towards me and lowering my hand from my mouth, shuddering look up into the face being shown on the Sanctum Globe.

"He's one of my followers, who Stephen killed even though he did not want to. I…Wong, it's not possible he's alive. He couldn't understand the Ritual of Dormannu at all, just followed me because he felt betrayed as well and yet, he wouldn't tell me why he wanted to help me kill the Ancient One."

"How do you know? Did you ever leave the pages you took from the book, off your person laying somewhere where it could easily be stolen or studied without your knowledge?" He asks me.

While I try to think back to when I took the pages and escaped from the Ancient One with some of my followers – more like family than anything – through a portal to forest outside Wolf-trap, Virginia where I remember seeing in the far distance a car pulling up to house, with tall man soon getting, their blonde hair slicked back and holding up another man, with scruffy curly hair heading straight into the house until disappearing from sight then Lucien, snarling had reminded me, we had to keep moving and so, forgot about what I had just seen.

Moving quickly on, without even thinking why it felt strange when I had seen the blonde hair stranger like I somehow had known them from my childhood.

"I don't remember."

The Book of Cagliostro, is still on the bookshelf rack with the chains over it to keep it in place as I reach up, taking it down and remember last time I had held it had torn the Ritual of the Dormannu pages out and dropped the heavy book to the floor then heading over to one of the tables, light a lamp then open up the book starting from the very beginning as I pick up an red apple – which I had strangely been developing a craving for, along with other things like strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and even, blueberries.

Taking a bite of the apple, the sweetness of it assaulting my taste-buds, I begin to read silently – the only sound, the turning of a page and crunching of the apple – and stopping at the page about the Eye of Agamotto, look up at it seeing how it blinks open to look at me then closes again, seeing it is only me and sinks into a meditated state.

If it were a cat let's say, it would purr in its sleep and turning the page, see the red words underlined in Sanskrit translated into the word Infinity Stone and the fact it was one of many spread throughout the infinite Multiverse mentioning also a name – Thanos or the Mad Titan – having once hunted for them, only to be defeated by Agamotto and banished to the coldest reaches of space then Wong, speaking draws me out of the book – because it is…one voice that sends my heart racing, starting to pound against my rib-cage.

"*Strange, what happened to you? You look like you gone through a fire."*

"You should see the other guy. He got barbequed. Though that's what you get, when fighting near an active volcano."

I get up, heading to where Wong sits in the large Library and see Stephen, standing there in front of the desk his robes singed with some of it still smoking and stepping out into the light of the lamps, he turns his gaze to me.

"What was the first thing I said to you?"

"*Mister Doctor. Because you didn't hear my name right."*

"What is the first thing you thought when you saw me?"

"That….you needed someone to help you heal and protect you from harm."

"What is my Scent like to you?"

"*Soft roses, ghost orchid and jasmine combined together. A gentle, sweetness that comforts and soothes me, like no-one ever has."*

"Your favourite memory of me?"

"Haa….When I made love to you, holding you in my arms as your rode me."

A strange cough interrupts, making me glare down at Wong who seeing this gets up out his seat, after getting the hint *"Two's company, Three's a Crowd"* and leaves silently shaking his head with soft, smile on his face, until were finally alone – just me and Stephen.

"My turn. The first thing you thought when you saw me."

"Haa…Stubborn, harsh almost pig-headed then has we got know each-other I….ached for you, you made….me so wet when I thought about you during keeping myself and the rest of my followers hidden."

"You thought of me, after all this time?"

"Yes."

"Describe my scent."

"Fresh lilies mixed with zest of orange peelings."

"How long have you been bearing? I say since 12 months, since our last Mating, with sextuplets."

"What?"

He looks at my shocked and surprised face, followed by realising he is right because I had been craving a lot of red apples and soft fruits then he comes over to me, placing a hand on my abdomen and trembling fall into his arms, feeling him embrace me.

"I'm….pregnant!!?" I gasp, still not believing and yet, believing it while pulling back to look at him then hear a whoosh, followed by being bowled over by very excitable Levi who cocoons us in such an embrace Stephen groans again in disbelief as it begins to nuzzle the collar tips against his cheeks.

This makes me laugh loudly, Stephen soon joining in as well as the sound fills the empty, silence of the large Library as I swear I feel the presence of the Soul of the Ancient One watching us with soft, smile on her face at a sight she must have seen coming.

<u>Location – London Sanctum – Dr. Strange's Residence – Late Afternoon</u>

The warm, shower water runs down both our naked bodies washing away the grime, dust and stale sweat as he holds me from behind, with his arms wrapped around me hands splayed

over the slight rising swell of my abdomen then he lathers up a cloth, with some scent-less shampoo and placing it on my bare skin, begins to wash my body.

My head tilts backwards onto his shoulder, moaning softly with eyes fluttering close feeling all the tension in my body seep out of it and relax in his arms, feeling at peace he has returned even though it had taken him 12 months to get back to me.

"Here. I've made some hot chocolate."

A cup of something warm, smelling of rich, chocolate is handed to me by Stephen, while I sit on the sofa in the sitting room listening quietly to fire gently crackling in hearth of the large fireplace then he sits down next to me, nuzzling his nose gently against my cheek inhaling my scent then I take a sip of the drink, finding it satisfying and settle back among the pillows drinking it more,

"I love it, when you're purring, Kaecilius." He says, making me blush heavily at the fact I had been purring while drinking the hot chocolate without my knowledge and finishing it off place it on the coffee table in front of me then he places his hand over mine, rubbing circles into it.

"Stephen, what happened? Is….Lucien, still alive and where is he?" I ask, making him sigh softly at me and rests his forehead against mine then answers me.

"Lucien is alive. I don't where he's gone, when he fall off the edge of the active volcano we were fighting on and still had his Sling ring on." He replies, licking his lips to wet them and resting my forehead against his lean forwards to kiss him, softly on the lips only for him to pull me closer.

Both of us change position each-time, deepening the kiss in the process and breathing heavily when suddenly I sense a presence making me flick one eye open to see behind him, is Lucien in his Astral Form.

Hovering on the brink of attack, while I shove Stephen out the way as Lucien surges forward to stop me before I go into my own Astral Form at the same-time Stephen appears ghostly shaped beside then turns his gaze towards Lucien, who lunges at me knocking me through to the next room sending me spinning through the air, while hands grab me as slam into my Mate's chest.

"YOU MATED WITH HIM!!!?"

Lucien shouts, flying away back to his body wherever he had left it and head back to mine sinking back into then gasping shakily like I've been starved of oxygen – when in reality it was out of body experience – then form a pair of shields holding them in front of me as he forms those fiery, orange sparking Lassos waiting as we go back to back.

"*He's pissed, isn't he?"*

"He always been hot-headed. STEPHEN, SPLIT!!!?"

One of my silver axes, goes whizzing past as both of us split in the nick of time and standing up straight, hear thunk into a painting above the fireplace then hear Lucien appears holding my other axe in his hand, breathing heavily with smell of oncoming Rut on its way in his system.

"He defaced my favorite painting!!!?"

"What was it?"

"Uhh….a painting by Botticelli. It cost me £100."

"That cost you, that much money. No way. I think you were scammed. STEPHEN, FLIP!!!?"

He flips over me, rolling over my back and causing a snarl to come from Lucien, who has just chucked my second axe which has ruined a perfect Ming Vase.

"Another thing I liked. Cost me £740. Only to find out it was lousy fake. KAECILIUS, HOLD ONTO ME!!!?"

"What!!!?? STEPHEN, WAIT….JUST….

We soon both go through the window, closely followed by Levi attaching to his back as we both see an old man with silvery grey hair, glasses and wrinkled in Astral form looking up at his and waving softly at us as we fly upwards into the air and away from the large Sanctum very fast.

"*Who was that?"*

"Stan Lee, I think."

"Who?"

"I'll tell you later."

"Owww….Oww""….Levi, Easy….EASY!!!"

The landing is not the softest, for Stephen but is for me as I'm on top of him and looking around see were in in the same place where I had seen that tall man with slicked blonde hair then a groan of "*Kaecilius, would you mind getting off me*" and get off him.

He gets up, dusting himself off as this makes me cough slightly and step back from the large dust cloud, waving my hand to waft it away from me then he looks around, checking where we are only to frown.

“First time, I stumped in knowing where we are.” He says, causing me to slap my forehead and moan slightly, making him look at me with concern when I make the noise.

“Were in Wolftrap, Virginia and I think someone lives in the house over there.” I say, making him give small *“Hmm”* and go to head over, when suddenly a cry comes from him making me whirl around seeing Lucien has appeared then torn between two decisions – choose the latter.

Leaping at Lucien, I bowl him over and find myself snarling at him baring fangs at him as we start to fight in the snow he flings me away from him, sending me flying across to hit a large pile chopped wood and go through a wooden shed hitting the floor with thud startling two men busy talking, while one of them soon comes over to me as Stephen rushes over to me.

He jumps inside, rushing over and checking for any sighs of broken bones; torn ligaments or any sighs our little one’s growing within me are alright when I hear a load thunk noise making me lift my head to watch as the young man with scraggly, curly hair and eyes almost like Stephen’s hits Lucien straight in the face with something metal and odd-shaped.

“Did…you just hit him with…a coal shovel!!!?”

“Only thing handy. Will Graham, and this is my Alpha, Hannibal Lecter. What yours, Stranger?”

“You’re going to laugh, when you hear it.”

“I highly doubt it.”

“Dr. Stephen Strange and this is my Omega, Kaecilius.”

“And your pal, laying there.”

Will Graham says, jerking his thumb to Lucien who has stood up and clambered into the hut to soon lay down on sack of black bin liners then shifts, reaching behind his back to pull out a severed arm which causes me to look at Hannibal Lecter, with a raised eyebrow

“Hmm, well you don’t see that every day. A perfectly severed arm.”

Stephen says, as Lucien, who has come round again is once more knocked out by the coal shovel again for good this time.

“Now, seeing us how you crashed into here so suddenly. Would you like something to eat?”

“Depends on what it you cook.”

“Memeralis. Spoil the surprise.”

Tender Love and Pregnancy Hormones

Chapter Summary

Apologies for late chapter. Had to think of how to write it.

<u>Location –Maryland, Baltimore–Hannibal Lecter's House</u>

<u>Kaecilius' P.O.V:</u>

"I feel….like I know you, Hannibal from somewhere. But, where….I don't know."

"What do you remember about your, Mother?"

"A lullaby. She used to sing it to me, when I was in her arms in front of fire."

"Do you remember how it goes?"

Lifting my head up, I pause mid-way through chopping up the aubergines and courgettes into small cubes for the dish which he is making for all us – myself and Stephen, him and Will, two people I have yet to meet- and finishing chopping them up then begin to hum it, softly making him still turns his head slightly to listen.

When I finish, I can feel a solitary tear trickling down my cheek to plip onto the polished kitchen counter soon followed by more, while he comes over to me and takes hold of me in gentle, hug bringing his hand up to cradle my head whispering soothing words to me.

Pulling back from him – after telling him, I need some space - I head out of the kitchen and go to head up the stairs seeing the three cubs of the other couple running around as a tall man, with short slicked back hair and scar on his lower lip who softly smiles at me when sees I'm watching them then going over, look down when one of the children scampers over to me.

I bend down, reaching out with my hand to ruffle the top his head making a soft purr come from the little one and he begins to nuzzle into my hand purring softly at the affection I'm giving him.

"Hey, little one." I say, softly picking him up and cradling him gently as the man with the scar on his lip comes up to me.

“Francis Dolerhyde.” He says, introducing himself to me and handing him the child, who he takes off me then holds out one hand for me to shake, only to see I don’t understand it.

He steps closer bending down to scent me, at the same-time I inhale deeply a scent of a crackling fire in warm hearth, with smoking curl of whisky and mixed herbs then he brushes his nose against mine, while I do the same hearing purring coming from us both at the fact were both Prime Omega’s ringing loud and clear in the foyer.

I manage to pull back, feeling the tension I had been feeling seep away like it never existed in the first place and notice he is looking behind me. I fully turn around seeing Stephen, standing there with another Alpha – one who is Prime Alpha, like him.

“Come here.” Stephen says, making me walk over and takes hold of me to pull into a warm embrace as I allow him to lead me upstairs.

I must of been tired, due to the pregnancy hormones because when I softly flutter my eyes open see I'm in our Nest in the bedroom and a pillows have been placed within for comfort as I listen to the shower running in the bathroom adjoined to the bedroom then the door opens, allowing steam to waft out into the bedroom.

Stephen, fresh from the shower comes out a towel wrapped around his waist, while using another one to dry his hair as I find myself purring at the sight of my Alpha. Hearing this he comes over to me, dropping the towel onto the floor and unwrapping the one around his waist then crawls into the Nest covering my naked body then licking my lips to wet them, push him backwards slightly and slide myself downwards where flicking my gaze to him see he is watching me.

Lifting my lower half up slightly, I bend my head down taking his Alpha cock into my mouth hearing him give a breathless gasp of *"Kaecilius*" and slowly start to bob my head up and down, licking; sucking and swirling my tongue around his heated girth feeling him take hold of the back of my head to sift through my hair encouraging me not too stop what I'm doing.

His other hand slips down my spine, cupping me from behind where my warm-sugary slick is starting to form and he rubs his fingertips against my puckered wet entrance feeling the edges of it then pulling off his cock, with a soft popping noise turn around to face away from him.

"Going.....sixty-nine are we." He teases at me and I go to say something witty back, only for a hot moist, wet tongue to lick upwards the sugary slick trickling down the inside of my thighs to throw it out the metaphorical window then bending my head back down take his Alpha cock back into my mouth.

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